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# PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

## *WEEKLY REGISTER.*

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## *The Girl of the Mountains.*

(CONTINUED.)

HE conducted her down safely to his hut, just as the dark clouds overshadowed the earth, and the boisterous winds, with sudden flashes of lightning, would, in all probability, have deprived the unfortunate ADELAIDE of the power to support herself on the steep declivity of the hill.

Mingled undescribable sensations precluded utterance of one single word, and when seated by the old man, on a little rustic form, cut from the side of the hill, she pressed her hand to her bosom, bowed her head, and burst into a torrent of tears.

Her deliverer was greatly affected; the simple beverage of nature was all he had to offer besides fruit; she drank some water with thankfulness, and it restored her to speech; but the loud thunder that rolled over his head; the vivid lightning that shot like fire upon the clay raised floor; and the howling of the wind over the mountains, formed a scene so horribly terrific to ADELAIDE, that the words died on her trembling lips, and she gazed wildly on the objects round her, expecting every moment the rocks above would bury the cottage, and its inmates, beneath its cumbrous fragments.

The man guessed her apprehensions; "My good child," said he, "we are under the canopy of heaven; the humble cottage in the mountains, the superb castle in the valley, the wooden world that ploughs the sea, and rides on the foaming billows, the sport of every wind, all are alike protected by a gracious Father, whose goodness and justice never errs. Turn your thoughts my child, from the raging of the tempest, from the apprehension of evils, and bow in gratitude to heaven, who directed you to this spot, before darkness had laid its mantle on the earth, which in one short hour might have proved your destruction."

Poor ADELAIDE felt the full force of this pious reproof, and was cheered by the observation, for she was the child of Providence, without any earthly protector, and all her hopes rested on the Father of the fatherless.

He very naturally enquired by what extraordinary accident she was found alone in such a place, so replete with dangers of every kind, that it was next to a miracle she had escaped.

Without recurring to the early misfortunes of her life, she took up her story from the night her father had lost his way, and his return next day with the peasant: she related the subsequent events, and concluded with observing, that had not the hand of Providence conducted her within view of his lowly dwelling, in all probability she must have perished by the severity of the weather, and the want of refreshment, a want that had never occurred to her when she quitted the robber's cave.

The good man heard her with mingled wonder and compassion; he praised her courage, and pitied her misfortunes; he was no stranger to the banditti that infested the mountains in different parties, and rejoiced with her, that in escaping from the cave, she had not fallen in with another party, as pityless and desperate as those she had already suffered by. "Heaven, who guided you here," said he, "will, I have no doubt, protect you, and possibly I may be able to procure you an asylum, if you can be content with a solitary life, and a single companion. Not far from hence is a castle, where a very unfortunate lady has resided about four years past; I know not indeed the nature of her misfortunes, but she devotes her life to solitude. I am often admitted to her, I think such a companion as you would cheer her solitary hours, and perhaps in her you may find a mother and a friend."

The prospect of an asylum was truly desirable to ADELAIDE, yet her heart seemed to feel an unaccountable repugnance to be shut up with this melancholy lady. Her hesitation, and down-cast looks, were observed by the good hermit.

"I wonder not, my child," continued he, "that you are not over ready to accept of this *probable*, for I do not mention it as a *certain* asylum; a retirement so complete in the bosom of the mountains, is very incompatible with the desires of youth; but my capacity is so limitted, that this sequestered abode is the extent of my power to serve you, should I be so fortunate as to succeed in the application."

ADELAIDE blushed, and reproached herself for the apparent indifference with which she had received the hermit's friendly offer.

"If the heavens are favourable to us, "continued he, "when to-morrow dawns, I will go to the castle; I would have you now retire to rest, I will guard your slumbers, and watch for your safety."

"Indeed!" said she, "I cannot deprive you of your bed;" for she saw that within the room they sat in, there was a very small cabin, with just sufficient room to contain his bed, and no other accommodation for him, if she took possession of it.

"Say not a word on that head," he replied, "in this room I can sleep, if it suits me, just as easily as on a bed of down."

He persevered in his offer, until she could no longer resist his kindness, and retiring into the little cabin, recommended herself to heaven, and enjoyed a sweet and uninterrupted sleep for many hours.

On waking, she entered the outer room, and saw ripe and dried fruits, with bread and eggs. "This is your breakfast," said the hermit, "I have only such simple fare to offer, and happy to see you look thus refreshed. I will lose no time in going to the castle—fear nothing—rest here in perfect security till my return."

Adelaide saw him depart with much emotion; the perplexity of her situation, the uncertainty of her being received by this melancholy lady, and the little comfort she could hope to receive in her society, were not the only things that gave her pain. She passed some hours in painful anxiety for his return; he met her with a chearful aspect. "Good and unexpected news," cried he, "let me rest a moment, and you shall know every thing." However great her impatience, she readily reached a stool for his accommodation, and waited in silence till he was disposed to speak.

"Never was an application so well timed and fortunate," said he, "I found the lady in unusual spirits, and a sort of general bustle in the castle; being immediately introduced to her, on my arrival.

"Ah! my good father," cried she, "you prove to me the truth of an observation often disputed,"—"that there is no perfect joy, but that every pleasure has its concomitant pain."—"Before you appeared, I thought my happiness complete; but I must feel much sorrow in parting from a worthy friend, to whom I am indebted for many pleasing and amusing hours."

"How, Madam," said I, "do you talk of parting? Are you then going to quit the castle?"

"Yes, thank heaven," returned she, "my enemy and persecutor is no more, I am now free, and shall in a few days change this dreary scene, for the enchanting beauties of Italy."

"My surprise, I believe was visible.

"My good father," continued she, "I have been a victim to power and artifice, and saw no prospect of my deliverance; from hence arose that melancholy that so long oppressed me: circumstances are changed, and I am no longer the same person: tell me, however, if I can be useful to you, be assured it will add to my satisfaction."

This was the point I wanted to bring her to. "You can, madam, very essentially serve me," I replied, "and I think derive pleasure to yourself, by the favor you confer on others."

I then related the circumstances which had placed you under my humble roof, and represented you what you appeared to me, the child of misfortune, but good and virtuous.

I had no call to use any persuasion; she scarce gave me time to finish my simple narrative, before she exclaimed, with great vivacity "Dear father, such a companion is the very thing I wished for; let me see her without delay, she shall partake in all my pleasures; you could not oblige me more, than by this fortunate application."

She then told me her steward would have orders to supply all my wants, and that she hoped I would consider the castle as much mine as her's. I lost no time, my dear child, in returning with this good news; two servants will be here in a few hours to attend you to the lady; and as I described your situation to be perfectly unfit for travelling, without hat or covering of any sort, they will bring such necessaries for you.

Adelaide heard the good man with mingled emotions of pleasure and pain; she rejoiced to hear of an asylum, but she blushed at the idea of appearing before a lady, in a situation so humiliating.

Soon after a man and woman appeared, with proper coverings for her to walk in. They accosted her with respect, but her limbs trembled when preparing to leave the hermit.

The distance was not great to the castle; and she in a short time observed a female at some distance, who appeared to come from th castle.

"Ah," cried her conductor, "there is my lady, she is coming to meet you."

Adelaide was seized with an universal trembling, her limbs could scarcely support her; and when she could more clearly distinguish the object, the discovery did not tend to lessen her agitations. A tall, elegantly formed woman walked towards them with a solemn step, and haughty demeanour, that denoted a consciousness of rank, and the protection she was about to grant.

"Do not hurry yourself, miss," said the lady, glancing her large black eyes over her from head to foot in a moment; "I am glad to see you, poor child! you have suffered much: well, you are extremely fortunate in falling into such good hands; father Benito has strongly recommended you, and it will be your own fault if we do not live well together."

Poor Adelaide, who had expected a reception governed by tenderness and delicacy, felt something so cold, so repulsive and haughty in the manner, more than in the tenor of those words, that she shrunk back, and burst into tears. The lady seemed moved, she took her hand; "Compose your self," said she, "in me you will find a friend."

She led her into the castle, and seated her in a large room, tolerably furnished, but without any thing superfluous or expensive. Some coffee, cakes, and sweetmeats, were instantly brought in, of which Adelaide was invited to partake, with an air of kindness that a little dispelled her trembling apprehensions.

After supper, at the request of the countess, she made an unreserved communication of every thing, from her father's meeting with the robber's.

At night she was conducted to a large room, where an immense high bed, with furniture of blue velvet, much faded; tapestry hangings, with figures large as the life, and the chairs old, had altogether such a gloomy uncomfortable appearance, that she shuddered when the servant withdrew and shut the door.

A thousand ridiculous stories she had heard in the convent of haunted castles, and supernatural beings, crossed her mind; and when she endeavoured to shake off the fears of idle superstition, living terrors rose to her view, and equally distressed her. She sat for some time without preparing to undress; she removed one of the time-worn window-curtains, which the moths had fretted almost into net-work, and there beheld beauties, that for some minutes suspended both terror and inquietude.

It was the solemn hour of midnight; the mantle of darkness had overspread the earth, behind the towering mountains, a faint ray of light seemed gradually to descend, and in a short time the moon rose in full majestic splendour, emerging from behind the dark stupendous hills, and slowly advancing, brightened all the surface of the valley.

When she beheld she glorious Cynthia of the skies, the radiant worlds, whose glittering orbs enlightened other heavens, her heart expanded with wonder and delight; with enthusiastic rapture she addressed the power supreme that governs all, and having poured out her soul in fervent prayer, her mind grew harmonized, her spirits cheered, and after some minutes of awful contemplation, she closed the curtains, and prepared for bed, divested of her terrors, and confident of protection.

A sweet and uninterrupted sleep, such as she had not enjoyed for many nights, restored Adelaide to strength and sober cheerfulness. The servant came to tell her the breakfast waited for her; she hastened to the countess, who exclaimed at her entrance, "Bless me! you look quite a different creature, absolutely beautiful this morning."

She bowed to the compliment, and enquired after her health, confessed herself indebted to the countess for the alteration in her appearance; "Your goodness, Madam," said she, "restored a degree of tranquility to my mind, that procured me some hours sleep; and the analogy between the mind and the body, naturally produced the change you so kindly took notice of."

The countess directed one of her enquiring looks full upon her; Surely," said she, "your father could not have resided many years in this solitary neighbourhood; your language is superior to the situation you appear to have held."

"My father," replied Adelaide, "was born and educated as a gentleman, but he experienced a reverse of fortune, and had too much spirit to support the neglect of the prosperous proud, and therefore retired from the world; his chief delight was in cultivating the little understanding heaven has bestowed upon me: but had he lived, it was his intention of placing me in a convent."

"Then he must have property, doubtless: Do you know of any relations or friends that he had? Or by what means did you procure subsistence?"

Adelaide was extremely distressed to this curiosity; "I know of no relations or friends, Madam," said she, "our wants were very few; we had eggs, sallad, and fruit. A peasant who resided near some village, generally called once a week, and supplied the little trifles we had occasion for."

"I know that peasant," returned the countess, "he attends at this castle, and fortunately this is the day that he comes here; very possibly from him we may gain information of the state your cottage is in, as I have no doubt but it is in his line of direction."

Adelaide made no reply, she was greatly agitated. The countess, without appearing to notice it, gave orders that when the countryman called as usual, he might attend her.

But little conversation of any consequence passed after this; the alteration of some articles in dress for Adelaide, engaged their attention, till a servant announced the arrival of the peasant. She turned giddy and sick with apprehension; and when he appeared at the door, her trembling limbs scarcely supported her on the chair.

"So friend," said the countess, you know this young lady I suppose?"

"No, please your honour Madam. O, God bless me! why sure, why I do believe it is the young miss that lived yonder under the trees."

"You are right; pray have you called at her cottage to day?"

"O dear me, yes madam."

"And what, who did you see there?" exclaimed Adelaide.

"Lord, Miss, I am glad to my heart to see you alive—why, I was telling your honor's servants what a cruel business I had seen."

"What, what!" cried she, "what did you see?"

"Why every thing topsy-turvy, and in several places marks of blood, and not a soul there, so I——"

"How?" cried she, "was there no wounded or dead body?"

"Not a soul," answered he, "for I looked all over the place, and as I was saying——"

Adelaide heard not the saying, she fell senseless on the floor. The poor fellow was greatly terrified.

"God bless her heart, poor young thing, I hope I have made no mischief."

Two servants had restored her for a moment, but she again elapsed, and the countess ordered her to be carried to her apartment, directing the countryman to wait her return.

Fright and amazement took possession of him, and he began to fear he should be brought into trouble. In this apprehension he was found by the countess, and her stately looks did not tend to relieve him.

"Tell me," said she, "how long have you known this young woman and her father?"

"A great many years, Madam, I can't say how many, but she was a meer chicken when I seed her first."

"Did you ever hear where they came from?"

"No Madam, he was a short time in the village, and then went to that lonely cot, and has lived there a power of years. So as I was saying to your honour's gentlewoman below, when I stopped there this morning, the door was open, I went in, and methought the things looked cruelly tossed about; so I called, and nobody speaking, I walked into t'other room, and there I seed blood upon the floor, in two or three places, but it looked dryish; so I was afeard at first to go in, but calling again, and hearing nobody, I went through the young miss's room, and into the garden, and not a living or dead soul was there; so I thought to tell all about it below, because I feared they were all killed, and I am quite glad to see Miss here, and hope the good gentleman is here also."

"No indeed," said the countess, "it is believed he was killed, and the young woman fled from the robbers; but are you certain no dead body lies there?"

"I am certain sure, Madam, for I looked every where about the rooms and garden."

"Very well," said she, "you may go below, and wait my orders."

The countess visited Adelaide, and found she was restored to her senses.

*Ah! Madam,"* said she, "I was coming to you; have you learnt any intelligence to satisfy my anxiety?"

"I am sorry, my love," said the countess, "to say, that the man persists in declaring, no traces of any person was to be found in the cottage: why may we not hope that your father escaped from thence?"

"Oh! impossible," cried Adelaide, "the wretches scrupled not to assure me they had killed him, and I have no doubt but they have thrown his precious corps into the wood, or down some precipice, where it cannot be discovered,—Inhuman savages!"

Here she fell into such agonies, as quite terrified the countess, and it was a considerable time before she was restored to any composure.

The countess sent two servants off, with the peasant, finding, on enquiry, the distance much less than she supposed, to those that knew the road over the hills. They had orders to be very minute in their search and observations, and to bring what they could that appeared to be of any value. During their absence, she devoted herself to comfort her afflicted guest.

The servants returned in the evening, bringing most of Adelaide's plain and scanty wardrobe; a gold watch, which was found in the drawer, and a snuff-box of the same metal

It appeared very extraordinary that the robbers should have left such valuables: and from the men's account, there were books, and many other things. In short, there was something vety unaccountable to her in the whole affair. No name appeared on the watch or box, nor did there seem any clue to elucidate the mystery; she could know no more than what Adelaide chose to reveal, and her curiosity rose in proportion to the difficulty of gratifying it.

Adelaide received these valuables of her dear father's, with the deepest sorrow; she wept over them and prest them to her heart; the countess, whose turn of mind had lately undergone a great change, was very desirous of consoling her young companion, that the melancholy she had shook off, might not fix on her, and impede their promised pleasures; she therefore exerted all her powers to entertain her, and fortunately the hermit, who was anxious for his protogee, paid them a visit that evening, and by the arguments he deduced from religion, and reason, contributed much to tranquillize her mind.

The following day, at the request of Adelaide, persons were sent to the cottage, to bring away the books, what furniture was worth removing, and the poultry. The former, and what necessaries he chose, she entreated the hermit to accept of; and every hope of retracing the remains of her father being extinguished, she felt that gratitude claimed from her an appearance of composure, that she might not affect the spirits of her benefactress.

The countess who had changed her mind, and determined to visit Spain, was impatient to proceed on her travels.

The evening previous to the day fixed upon for their departure, the hermit came to the castle. He had been very frequent in his visits, and had conceived a warm attachment for Adelaide, who had been accustomed to the company of the countess for some years, and now saw that he was going to be deprived of what he deemed an indulgence, no way incompatible with the solitary life he had chosen, could not suppress his regret, nor appear quite so abstracted to his own gratification as might have been expected.

The next morning they proceeded on their intended journey; the Countess, Adelaide, one woman, and two men-sevants.

After a fatiguing, though a short journey, they arrived in safety at Pampeluna, the capital of Navarre, seated in the Pyrenees. Here the countess proposed resting a day or two, and having sent her name to the Governor of the castle, he very politely waited on her, and invited the ladies to the castle.

Don Diego de Salverado, was between forty and fifty; a pleasing countenance, and a noble air, made him appear some years younger. He relaxed considerably from the Spanish austerity in manners; was a man of gallantry, and a true knight in the service of the ladies.

Donna Maria de Salverado, his lady, was the very reverse of her husband, haughty, imperious, insolent, and jealous.

She received the ladies with an air of sullen grandeur, a freezing politeness, that denoted a forced complaisance she could very well have dispensed with.

Few women had more native pride and haughtiness than the countess, tho' she could wear the semblance of affability and kindness at times; she shrunk back when Donna Maria saluted her, with a stately air; and recovering at once her own self-consequence, it was truly ludicrous to see two women saluting one another with all the dignity of Roman Empresses.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Executed in the neatest manner, and on reasonable terms,

*At the Office of the Philadelphia Repository.*

## *An Account of Confucious,*
### THE CELEBRATED CHINESE PHILOSOPHER.

(CONCLUDED.)

At the age of 19, Confucius took a wife, who brought him a son called Tsou-tse, who, in imitation of his father, applied himself to the study of wisdom, and by his merit arrived at the highest offices of the empire. Confucius was content with his wife only, so long as she lived with him; and never kept any concubines, as the custom of his country would have allowed him to have done, because he thought it contrary to the law of nature. But it seems he divorced her after some time, and for no other reason, say the Chinese, but that he might be at liberty to propagate his philosophy throughout the empire. At the age of 23, he began to project a scheme for a general reformation. At this time every province of the empire was a distinct kingdom, which had its own laws and prince.

Confucius accordingly began to enforce temperance, justice, and other virtues, to inspire a contempt of riches, and outward pomp, to excite to magnanimity and a greatness of soul, which should make men incapable of dissimulation and insincerity: and to use all the means he could think of, to redeem his countrymen from a life of pleasure to a life of reason. His extreme knowledge and great wisdom soon made him known; his integrity, and the splendour of his virtues made him beloved. Kings were governed by his wisdom, and the people reverenced him as a saint. He was offered several high offices in the magistracy which he sometimes accepted; but never from a motive of ambition, which he was not at all concerned to gratify, but always with a view of reforming a corrupt state, and amending mankind; for he never failed to resign those offices, as soon as he perceived that he could be no longer useful in them.

Being raised to a considerable place of trust in the kingdom of Lou, his own native country; he had not exerted his charge above three months, when the court and provinces, thro' his counsels and management, were become quite another thing. He corrected many frauds and abuses in the mercantile way, and reduced the weights and measures to their proper standard. He inculcated fidelity and candor among the men, and exhorted the women to chastity, simplicity of manners, and established every were such concord and unanimity, that the whole kingdom seemed like one family.

The neighbouring princes began to perceive, that a king under the counsels of such a man as Confucius, would soon render himself too powerful. Alarmed at this, the king of Tu assembled his ministers to consider of methods, which might put a stop to the career of this new government; and after some deliberations the following expedient was resolved upon. They got together a great number of young girls, of extraordinary beauty, who had been instructed from their infancy in singing and dancing, and were perfect mistressess of all those charms and accomplishments, which might please and captivate the heart. These, under the pretext of an embassy, they presented to the king of Lou, and to the grandees of his court. The arts of good government were immediately neglected, and nothing was thought of but feasting, dancing, shows, &c. and the court was entirely dissolved in luxury and pleasure. Confucius had foreseen all this, and endeavoured to prevent it by advising the refusal of the present; and he now laboured to take off the delusion they were fallen into, and to bring men back to reason and duty. But all in vain. There was nothing to be done; and the severity of the philosopher, whether he would or no, was obliged to give way to the overbearing fashion of the court. Upon which he quitted his employment, becoming an exile from his native country, to try, if he could find in other kingdoms, minds and dispositions more fit to pursue his maxims.

He passed thro' Tfi, Guci, and Tsom, but met with insurmountable difficulties. He had the misfortune to live in times, when rebellion, wars, and tumults raged thro' the empire. Men had no time to listen to his philosophy; and less inclination to do it; he often met with ill-treatment and reproachful language, and it is said, that conspiracies were formed against his life: this with the neglect of his own private interests, reduced him to extreme poverty.

Confucius did not cease to travel about, among the people, and mankind in general. He sent 600 of his disciples into different parts of the empire, to reform the manners of the people; and not satisfied with benefitting his own country only, he made frequent resolutions to pass the seas, and propagate his doctrine to the farthest part of the world. Hardly any thing can add to the purity of his morality. He seems rather to speak like a doctor of a revealed law, than like a man who had no light, but what the law of nature afforded him: and what convinces us of his sincerity, is, that he taught as forcibly by example as by precept. His many virtues place him far above the Grecian sages, and would almost tempt one to believe, that he was not a mere philosopher, formed by reason only, but a man inspired by God for the reformation of the world, and to check that torrent of idolatry and superstition, which was overspreading that particular part of it.

Confucius is said to have lived in retirement three years, and to have spent the latter part of his life in sorrow. A few days before his illness, he told his disciples with tears in his eyes, that he was overcome with grief at the sight of the disorders, which prevailed in the empire. "The mountain, said he is fallen; the high machine is demollished, and the sages are all fled." His meaning was, that the edifice of perfection, which he had endeavoured to raise, was entirely overthrown. He began to languish from that time, and on the seventh day before his death, "The kings, said he, reject my maxims; and since I am no longer useful on the earth, I may as well leave it." Soon after he fell into a lethargy, and at the end of 7 days expired in the arms of his disciples, in the 73d year of his age. Upon the first hearing of his death, the king of Lou could not refrain from tears: "The Tien is not satisfied with me, cried he, as Confucius is taken away from me." In reality, wise men are precious gifts, with which heaven blesses the earth; and their worth is never so well known till they are taken away. Confucius was lamented by the whole empire, which from that very moment began to honour him as a saint; and established such a veneration for his memory, as will probably last for ever in those parts of world. Kings have built palaces for him in all the provinces, whither the learned go at certain times to pay him homage. There are to be seen upon several edifices, raised in honour of him, inscriptions in large characters; "To the master. To the head doctor. To the saint. To him who taught emperors and kings."

His writings are in four books. The first is entitled, "Ta Hio the Grand Science, or the school of adults." It is this that beginners ought to study first, because it is, as it were, the porch of the temple of wisdom and virtue. It treats of the care we ought to take in governing ourselves, that we may be able afterwards to govern others. The second book is called, "Tchong Young, or the Immutable Mean;" and treats of the means which ought to be observed in all things. The third book, "Yun Lu, or the Book of Maxims," is a collection of sententions and moral discourses; and the fourth book gives an idea of a perfect government.

*Chinese Philosopher.*

## AN *ODD* WAY OF EQUALIZING *ODD* AND *EVEN*.

A Young man, just going to the field of battle, was anxious that his soul might be preserved, even should his body perish; and, therefore, went to a reverend father of the church to obtain *absolution* of his sins. The father seemed pleased at his goodness of disposition, but still more so when he received a half-joe, as a preparation to the business. Son, said the Sire, you will now make an open, a free, and a candid confession to me Why, father, answered the youth, I hardly know what to say; I have been guilty of so many crimes: for instance, I have been gambling *twenty times*, when I am convinced I ought not to have done it once. Well, my dear son, said the father, that is very ODD in a person of your virtue. Aye, but father, replied the young man, *twenty times* of gambling I have avoided—O! returned the father, put this and the other together, and they will make EVEN, and where vice and virtue are equalized, there can be no crime. True, father, rejoins the youth; but I have kissed *thirty women*, some married, and some single, and in the presence of their husbands and sweet-hearts too. Well, son, responds the sire, thou knowest that *that* is not right, and having been done by a person of thy years, seems very ODD. Yes, replied the son; but *thirty women*, both married and single, I might have kissed in the same way, and yet I did not do it. Well, says the Father, put that and this together, and they will make EVEN too; and there can be no great crime where ODDS and EVENS are so well balanced: therefore thou thus far hast *absolution*; but no further, unless thou givest me another half-joe more. And is that so? said the son, a good deal irritated.—Most certainly! answered the Father; it is nothing but reasonable and just. Well, then, replied the son, we will try to EQUALIZE the business; it is my time now. Once I thougbt you acted from the best of motives; and this you must confess was very ODD; but I now find it to be the very reverse: therefore put that and this together, and all will be EVEN still.—— Here the Holy Father interrupted him by a passionate exclamation—Aye, Boy! and I once thought you a child of GOD; but now I find you a child of the DEVIL? so put that and this together; and they will still make EVEN. That may be, Daddy, said the son; and we will therefore continue to carry on the game of ODD AND EVEN—So running up to the old gentleman's chair, he gave him a plumper that laid him flat on the floor—Hah! Most Holy Father, cried he; but a little while ago you were sitting in this chair *here* in good humour, and that, you'll allow, was very ODD: Now you find yourself on the floor *there* and in an ill humour—so put that and this together, and they will make EVEN again.—At these words, the old gentlemen made an effort to rise, the young fellow hastened to the outside of the door, and concluded the farcical game with—Well! old hypocritical terapine; you see we will part by your EQUALIZING system —You were once my *friend;* that, to be be sure, was ODD: but, as you are now my *foe*, put that and this together, and still they will make EVEN—I was in your house a few minutes since, and well pleased, which was ODD indeed: Now, I am out of doors, and disgusted with your hypocritical cant—therefore put that and this together, and they will make EVEN.—— Pray, now, from all these ODDS AND EVENS, try to conceive to yourself what great benefit arise from your plan of EQUALIZATION—So, good by t' ye Daddy.

## MONTICELLO,

THE seat of the PRESIDENT ELECT, is situated in Albemarle county, Virginia, about 100 miles west of Richmond, and 25 north-west of Warran, near Charlottesville. The farm consists of several thousand acres of excellent land, on the river Rapidonia, a north-west branch of James' river. The mansion house, which is spacious and elegant, stands on a mount, 500 feet above the circumjacent country, and commands a view of about 7000 square miles. To the west and north-west, the Blue Ridge appears in full view, for nearly 70 miles. To the north-east, E. S. as far as the eye can extend, is flat plain country, and in the spring and summer seasons, appears like an extensive portion of the ocean, except that here and there appears little mounts, rising in the form of a sugar-loaf. Mr. Jefferson has about 100 acres of land under cultivation—320 of wheat, 160 of corn, 320 of clover, and 320 of peas and potatoes, tilled and managed by about 128 labourers. He carries on the nailing business, in which the negro boys of about 12 years old are employed, who make about a ton of nails a month.

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SUCH is the delight of mental superiority, that none on whom nature or study have conferred it, would purchase the gift of fortune by its loss.

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

## *Plan of Female Education.*

THE FRIEND OF THE FAIR SEX, thanks the Young Ladies of Philadelphia, for their polite CARD—It will certainly stimulate him to pursue his proposed plan with much delight. He well knows that an insatiable desire after improvement is deeply marked on the human heart—and ardently wishes "to see each of them arrayed in all her natural perfections of sensibility, softness and grace, and to contemplate, through a curtain of unaffected modesty, an understanding furnished with every thing that has a tendency to make the heart good and the conduct exemplary.

Were we to walk through life as idle spectators only, without having any assigned task to perform; or were we only to be, like the beautiful wing of the gaudy butterfly, admired for a moment and then no more remembered; to form a plan for female education would not be difficult.—But so important are our duties, so intimate our connections, and so closely is individual happiness interwoven with the happiness of society, that it must be considered as a business not inferior to any in which the human mind can be engaged.

To paint my ideas on this subject in the best colours I possibly can, I will take a female in the middle walks of life, and carry her thro' all the stages of what I deem useful learning.——To favour my plan as much as possible, let her be the little darling of an effectionate mother, who trode through the path of useful improvement herself, relishes highly the delights it yields, and therefore ardently wihes to see her ELIZA shine, graced with these accomplishments from which she derives so many real advantages.

It is now supposed that our little pupil can read with ease some of these useful authors, such as the *Child's Friend*, *Visit for a Week*, or *Looking-Glass for the Mind*, which are so admirably calculated to fill the young heart with the milk of human kindness; that she can manage her needle with much dexterity, and dress her jointing doll to the best advantage—For I would wish it to be well understood, that Eliza must be both mantua-maker and milliner for her little doll. Her taste in choice of ornaments it is true, must be directed, and patterns may be laid before her, but she must do all herself.

Her fingers being now sufficiently strong, and her reading and spelling tolerably correct, it is time she should be taught to write; this accomplishment is easily acquired, and if she be placed under the care of a person well qualified to instruct, her proficiency will be rapid. The following short instructions, I hope will not be deemed unnecessary.—When she can with ease, hold the pen in a proper manner, she must be taught to make *i* or *t*, and not a straight stroke, as is too frequently done, for if she be first engaged in making *straight strokes*, and the i or t be given her for a second lesson, she will naturally stop at the line, as usual, and then carry up the hair-stroke in a tangent—therefore, we must carefully avoid teaching, in the first lesson, any thing which we must teach her again to forget. Let us proceed by an easy and just gradation, always suiting the task to the ability of our pupil, and the object we aim at will be undoubtedly gained—Let her never consider writing as a task; I have known some teachers enjoin it on their pupils as a punishment for some piece of ill conduct, to write so many copies, or lines. This must never be done. If she transgress she must not be *permitted* to write, and make her consider that as a punishment. Her teacher will soon find that she will consider it as a great favour to be again permitted to take her copy-book, and will petition for it with much earnestness. In the same manner she may be stirred up to exert herself in reading, reciting, and spelling; by her teacher ever carefully informing her of the honour she receives in being permitted to read, recite, or spell—and suffering her to do neither when she offends. —By experience we know that the human mind is naturally inclined ro action, therefore, to be sentenced to do nothing, has ever been found by teachers, who carefully observe the progress of the young, in the path of science, a punishment which the pupil considers as very severe——One thing the experienced tutor will never forget, he will teach her to judge her own work, and to see her own faults; by this method, while her fingers are engaged in the mechanical operation of drawing lines, making fine strokes, and beautiful turns, he will open her eyes to behold regularity, and make the first traces of taste on her understanding. I would now put into her hand some book, in which a number of beasts, birds, and insects, are described. She must tell, either to her indulgent mother or her teacher, in her own simple stile, in what country the bird or beast of which her last lesson treated, is found, and describe some of its properties—this exercise will strengthen her memory, make her attend to what she reads, give her an ease in expressing her sentiments, make her acquainted with the meaning of words, and finally, she will be as ready to communicate, as you will be to enquire.

*A Friend to the Fair Sex.*

## *Criticism, No.* 1.

I have always conceived Criticism, when judiciously and modestly applied, to have many important tendencies; it strips a defective composition of its ragged garb, points out grammatical errors, and disunites solidity from vacuity; and to effect all these, I intend to "peep into things." But in performing such elaborate researches, I must premise, that CORRECTNESS shall be my pilot, and GOOD-MANNERS, shall constantly walk on my right.

I shall not stab merit, when talents appear, but when error stalks abroad, I shall hail her in a modest tone, and endeavour to put her in the correct path: I shall notice as seldom the detestable religion of a Condorcet, and the tyrannical and horrid principles of a Caligula, as the obscenity, rudeness and billingsgate ribaldry, of two insignificant persons, calling themselves "Comma and Dactyle," who have been laughed out of countenance for attempting to impose upon people that "men are sophistical by nature."

In my next number, may be expected some remarks on the writings of Sterne; particularly with a view of pointing out his peculiar and elegant style.

HERODOTUS.

*For the* Philadelphia Repository.

## THE DRAMA.

ON Saturday Evening last, the Philo-Thespian presented their friends with the Tragedy of the Carmelite, at the Old Theatre.

The person who seems to bear the palm in the Dramatic performances of this Society, is the young gentleman who performed the character of *Montgomeri* last evening. This character was supported during the whole course of the performance, with much ardour and eloquence. He bids fair, with some practice, to make a performer of distinguished merit. It is said he performed the character of Macbeth on the Charleston (S. C.) stage.

It is with pleasure we announce to the credit of the gentleman who performed in the character of *St. Valori*; that he knew his part perfectly. Although the Tragedy was very much curtailed, the part of *St. Valori* was perhaps twice as long as any other charter in the play. This gentleman laboured under two very great difficulties; first, his having a bad cold which prevented his being heard with accuracy; and secondly, the greatest part of his conversation was maintained with persons entirely ignorant of their parts, which must, without doubt, have greatly confused him.

With respect to *Lord de Courci*, we have very little to say, except that we hope, that the next time he HONOURS us with his performance, he will *at least* have *one* sentence perfect.

*Æmelia*, the lady of *St. Valori*, was performed tolerably well, but not without some gross abuses of that character. In the scene where *Montgomeri* shews her the jewel he had received from *St. Valori*, his father, who had long been concealed under the character of the *Carmelite*, she beheld it without any kind of emotion; instead of being surprised or astonished at the unexpected sight of a jewel which she formerly knew to have belonged to her husband, (whom she supposed long since to have been dead) she coldly look'd upon it, as if afraid to touch it.

With regard to the *rest* of the characters in the play, we have not much to say; but we cannot help remarking, that they were all performed but very indifferently; some thro' the deficience, others thro' the ignorance of their several supporters, were butchered and mangled in an unmerciful manner.

After the play, a young gentleman undertook to display his talents, by singing "Alone by the light of the moon." I think *he* would have sung it much better *alone*, by the light of the moon, than before so large an audience.

After the song, was presented the humourous farce of Little Hunchback, or the Frolicks of Bagdad.—The characters seemed to have been much better cast *here*, than in the Tragedy; and each of them was tolerably well supported. It would be much to the credit of this society, if they would never undertake to perform tragedies, as the generality of the members are not competent to support a character in a tragedy of any weight or importance.

The audience, which was very extensive, behaved with much propriety and decorum upon this occasion, insomuch that not a single attempt was made to hiss either of the performers.

C. R. CANDIDUS.

*On Monday Evening, March 2d, will be Acted*

*For the Benefit of Mrs. Merry,*

A celebrated Tragedy, never performed here, (in 5 Acts) called,

Peru Aveng'd; or, the Death of Pizarro.

*(Altered from Alzuma, written by the Author of the "Grecian Daughter.")*

To which will be Added, (not performed these 6 years) a celebrated Comedy, (in 3 Acts) called

The Follies of a Day; or, the Marriage of Figaro.

## *PHILADELPHIA,*
## February 28.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*A Reader's Gleanings*" will appear next week.

"*Carolus,*" is informed that his questions must be accompanied with answers, previous to their insertion. Correspondents will see the necessity of the editor being in possession of answers to every thing of this kind, in order to ascertain the accuracy of such as may be handed in.

"*The Commentator, No* 1," and "*A Parent,*" shall have a place in the next number. It gives the editor real pleasure to see his correspondents turn their attention to subjects useful to society, and so congenial with the plan of the Philadelphia Repository.

The editor has no objections to the sentiments contained in the piece addressed to *Octavius;* but he conceives it time the subject should drop, as it is by no means useful or interesting, and would, if pursued any further, quickly become disgusting.

He presents his acknowledgments to the gentleman who politely handed him "*An Old Ballad.*"—Its antiquity and beautiful simplicity entitles it to early attention.

"*T. W. de la Tienda*'s" scraps are acceptable, and, together with "*Twice Eight,*" "*Barrow,*" *&c.* shall be published as soon as possible.

Verses on "*Nothing,*" are under consideration—the poetry is not so smooth as could have been wished.

So much has been written on the character, life and death of the illustrious WASHINGTON, and this so often *repeated,* that unless something *happily new,* or *superlatively elegant,* could be produced, the eye would scarcely wink at it. "*H.'s verses*" possess neither of these qualifications.

"*Responsor*" is recognized this week, tho' without a signature—*The Temple of Hilarity* will not be suffered to lie waste: it is only passed by for the present.

*The names of the performers, in the piece signed "Candidus," have been suppressed, for reasons suggested to the editor.*

It is with gratitude the editor acknowledges the reception of a number of valuable pieces during the present week, several of which are not particularly noticed; they cannot all be published at once, but shall appear as nearly in rotation as possible.

## LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

By the arrival of the British Packet, at New-York, on the 20th inst. late and IMPORTANT intelligence has been received from Europe. All prospects of PEACE appear to have vanished for the present; and hostilities actually commenced between Austria and France. On the 2d of December, a severe and bloody engagement was fought between the two armies at Hohenlinden, in which the French, under Gen. Moreau, were completely victorious; having taken 80 pieces of cannon, 200 ammunition waggons, and 10,000 prisoners. Moreau states his own loss at 1,000 killed and wounded: the number of Austrians killed and wounded is not mentioned, but must necessarily have been great. Later accounts say, that Moreau has advanced within 60 miles of Vienna, and that there is scarcely any thing to impede his progress to that capital.

The most perfect understanding appears to exist between the first Consul and the Emperor of Russia; and it is hinted that 7,000 Russians, now prisoners in France, will be sent back without ransom.—Between Russia and England matters are hastening to the utmost extremity: the crew of two English vessels lying in the harbour of Narva, fired on the military sent to arrest them, and cut their cables and put to sea; in consequence of which Paul ordered the remaining English vessels in that harbour to be burnt. Captures between the two nations have become reciprocal.

Accounts from CADIZ ſtate, that the epidemic had ceaſed almoſt entirely, and the ſick generally in a convaleſcent ſtate. In the ſpace of two months 30,000 perſons have fallen victims to it, within the circumference of 40 or 50 miles—and in 9 towns of Spain, the numbers of victims from the 12th of Aug. to the 1ſt of Nov. laſt, amounted to 79,000.

The king of Sweden has gone to Peterſburg, and it is ſaid, that the Convention of the four Northern Powers for the maintenance of an ARMED NEUTRALITY is already ſigned.

*From Turkey.*

SEMLIN, Nov. 12.—Passwan Oglou strengthens himself in an extraordinary manner. Two Pachas, hitherto his opposers, have united themselves with him, and are on their way towards Potetsh. He has proceeded with the greatest part of his army into Wallachia, and already taken Buckarest. Thence his plan is to move on to Constantinople.

## *FIRE!*

On Thursday morning last, the Soap and Candle Manufactory of *Mr. Andrew Kennedy* was entirely consumed by fire, and the surrounding property was in imminent danger, from the difficulty of getting the Fire Engines into such places as to be useful, from the compact situation of the adjoining buildings.

From the large body of fire, and the intense heat arising from the tallow, rosin, &c. it is really astonishing to find the adjoining property has been preserved, and it reflects great credit on the exertions of the citizens and different fire associations.

This manufactory had been rebuilt on the ruins of a former one, burned down in 1793, when *Mr. Thomas Dobson* and others lost to the amount of between 6 and 7000*l.* It is said, that this is the fourth instance of fire in said manufactory.

Such repeated instances, it is hoped will immediately claim the attention of the corporation, to adopt regulations for preventing the erection of similiar manufactories in the settled parts of the city.—To those who live in the vicinity of such buildings, the risk from fire is not the only inconvenience they are subjected to, but are almost daily annoyed by the disagreeable effluvia arising from putrid substances.

This measure would, no doubt, very generally meet the approbation of the citizens.

## FROM WASHINGTON.

The Sedition bill has been rejected in the House of Representatives on its third reading.

The Senate have sanctioned the bill for extending the privilege of franking to JOHN ADAMS.

## *Deaths.*

DIED—On Sunday last, Mr. Thomas Wills, jun. only son of Captain Thomas Wills, of this city.

———In Montgomery County, on the morning of the 23d inst. in the 62d year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Ferguson, daughter of the late Dr. Thomas Graeme, of this city. *The uncommon understanding, and extensive acquirements of this lady, connected her by her friendship and correspondence, with some of the first literary characters that adorned the 18th century, both in Britain and America; while her singular virtues commanded the respect and esteem of every rank in society.—It was her request, that no other character should be inscribed upon her tomb-stone, than that she was a "Sympathizer with the distressed."*

## *TEMPLE of the MUSES.*

For the *Philadelphia Repository.*

"CARPE DIEM."—*Hor.*

THE sun shines out, 'tis Sunday morn,
We meditate, we sing and pray
To God, who doth our souls inform,
And spend in peace the sacred day.
Old time revolves with steady pace, and brings
Another day on morning's dewy wings;
We bustle up, be quick, say I,
Come boy be brisk, sure 'tis not Sunday:
Time whispers slyly passing by,
Nay sir, remember this is Monday.

Next, Tuesday seizes Monday's place,
And We'nesday presses Tuesday hard;
Thursday does Wednesday efface,
Friday throws Thursday off its guard.
Strange versatility of things below!
For ever changing, we no station know!
We joy or fear, we grieve or toil,
Yet hope still whispering, says, a better day,
Till morn appears, then with a smile,
I say, indeed my dear 'tis Saturday.

Since time so swiftly moves along,
Nor stops to bid the great good morrow;
Is not delay'd by weak or strong,
Or the big tear of red-ey'd sorrow:
What should we do who only NOW possess,
But banish sighs and make our suff'rings less?
Now shines our sun, in health we joy:
We'll seize the first, nor wait a better day;
He's in the path of many a sigh—
Who POSTPONES HAPPINESS TILL SATURDAY.

What would we have? sweet competence
Kind heaven hath lent, the glow of health,
Content the sweetest joy of sense,
And these, are only real wealth.
Besides, around our blooming offsprings rise,
Mingle our graces and increase our joy:
Come quaff of joy the bev'rage sweet,
And stand prepared to meet a better day,
Cast sighs and sorrows under feet;
'Tis SOON ENOUGH TO SIGH ON SATURDAY.

Why should imagin'd ills perplex?
Why give a place to coward fear?
Life's real ills have power to vex,
By grief we bring them sooner here:
Love opens wide her balmy breast, and brings
The smirking graces on her downy wings;
The dimpling smile, the winning eye,
The blush that speaks, "this is a better day,
Come, let's solace ourselves with joy
And wait no more for coming Saturday."

Whilst youth abounds, let's seize the bowl
Which laughing pleasure does present:
Let reason passion's flights controul,
Whilst deep we drink thy sweets *content*:
Let good old age come with his silver hair,
And wise remarks, of mirth we'll have our share:
Full of good deeds and honest fame,
Then death will surely bring a better day,
A glorious crown, an honour'd name,
And troubles all shall find their Saturday.

STANZA.

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*Mr. Hogan,*

*Pleased with the following sentiments, I submit them to you for insertion in your entertainig Repository.*

DELIA.

WHEN by tender cares oppress'd,
Pensive, thoughtful, and distress'd—
When sorrow furrows up the heart,
And fancy paints affliction's dart—
When melancholy's shades be-gloom,
And hope seems bending o'er the tomb;
Ah! where shall wretched mortals fly,
Or how escape from misery?
Teach, oh! teach me, Powers above,
How these feelings to remove—
How to heal a canker'd breast,
How to gain a moment's rest:
See me languish—hear me sigh—
Have you no blest cure on high?
Grows no heav'nly plant above,
To heal a bosom pierc'd by love?
Pity you can surely give:
Heavenly pity will relieve;
'Twill serve to mitigate the smart—
But will it, can it heal the heart?
Jove of love, what would you more?
I own your plenitude of pow'r;
Your empire's boundless as the day;
No creature can resist your sway;
Heroes you rule, and kings controul;
And reign supreme from pole to pole.
Then why o'er me extend your sway?
Why on a female bosom prey?
Are there not thousands throng the world,
'Gainst whom thy shafts were better hurl'd?
Why, why then Cupid fix on me,
And whelm this breast in misery?
Time will obliterate the ills,
Which now my tortur'd bosom fills;
Will peace restore, and leave my mind
To tranquil joy and heaven resign'd—
Then blithe and gay I'll be. But yet
How can I MENTOR's form forget!
How with his charming image part,
And tear it—root it—from my heart!
Oh never, never can it be:
MENTOR, my heart will fly to thee;
To thee my vagrant soul will rove,
And give thee all its store of love."

*To those who have not read* COWPER's POEMS, *the following will prove an agreeable treat.*

### REPORT

OF AN ADJUDGED CASE, NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY OF THE BOOKS.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose—
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;
While chief baron Ear set to balance the laws,
So fam'd for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the nose, it will quickly appear,
And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find,
That the nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—
Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the nose is; in short,
Design'd to fit close to it just like a saddle.

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose,
('Tis a case that has happen'd, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a nose!
Pray who wou'd, or who cou'd, wear spectacles then?

On the whole, it appears—and my argument shews
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.

Then, shifting his side, (as a lawyer knows how)
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes:
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one if or but—
That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By day-light, or candle-light—Eyes should be shut,